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Henry Drummond

IN

Spirit Life.

HENRY DRUMMOND

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SPIRIT LIFE.

[MRS. CAROLINN E. S. TWING, MEDIUM.]

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SKETCH OF PROF. DRUMMOND.

Henry Drummond, a Scotch Presbyterian preacher and eminent writer, was born in Stirling, Scotland, Aug. 17, 1851. He graduated at Edinburg University, and also from the Free Church Divinity School. He won special distinction in the world of letters by writing the following books, viz. "*Natural Law in the Spiritual World.*" "*The Ascent of Man.*" and "*The Greatest Thing in the World.*" He was considered by many of his church friends as rather too liberal to be sonnd in orthodoxy. He came to America and assisted at the Summer schools of D. L. Moody at Northfield, Mass. He died in Tunbridge Wells, England, Mar. 11, 1897.

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HOW THIS BOOK WAS WRITTEN.

When Mrs, Carolinn E. S. Twing was in Springfield, in Nov. 1901, I asked her to allow spirit Samuel Bowles to use her hand to write an account of the reception of President McKinley in the spirit world.

Mr. Bowles wrote as follows. "I am sorry to say that upon such a short notice I cannot give anything to the public that I desire. I have perhaps been making a rash promise. Henry Drummond, since his coming over here, has been pleading with me to help him to get at this woman's hand, so he can write a few chapters.

He says he wants to write from what he *knows now*. His little book would make a stir in many circles where he moved and was well known. He has come out brighter with that wonderful intellect of his in the short time he has been here, than ever before."

Accordingly Mrs. Twing yielded to the request, and in nine sittings obtained the manuscript which now appears in print. Mr. Drummond realizes that the book lacks in a degree, the mental vigor and rhetorical finish of his earthly writings, but he says the difficulty of transmitting his thought through a foreign channel is great. Therefore, the reader should make allowance for the discrepancy.

Springfield, Mass. H. A. BUDINGTON.

HENRY DRUMMOND IN SPIRIT LIFE.

HOW LIFE LOOKS TO HIM NOW.

When a man passes into the sphere of life a little beyond the physical, with preconceived ideas that he has by his researches and earnest prayers, harmonized the unnatural with the natural, he is bound to see many an idol of thought prove clay, and many a theory fall to the ground as useless as the dreams of other days.

In my earthly experience, I thought I had by the research which shortened my days on earth, solved the meaning of life, and that I could harmonize it with the religious thought of the day.

I tried to accept the story of creation as recorded in the Christian Scriptures, as a fact. I tried to make it seem to me the most natural method. I studied the best writings of my age with a strong thirst for knowledge. When I perceived that the scientists were disagreeing among themselves, I was pleased.

The researches of Tyndall, Bastian and others, to verify the theory that life could not be extinguished, were of deep interest to me, for it meant immortal life. But when the theory was announced that life always had existed—never had a beginning, it shook my belief in the Genesis of the Scriptures, a doubt I would not have dared to express publicly.

The atoms which produce manifest life have been proven to be fire proof by the continuous experiments of the students in Biology.

I stand upon the spirit side to-day, ready to concede that we have no conception, from any data given, of any beginning of life: and if we reject the Scripture story of the formation of the earth and rest upon the more reasonable theory of the attraction of atoms, we have

NO SIX DAYS' CREATION! NO FALL OF MAN!
NO QUARREL IN HEAVEN!

If previous to the time these events are said to have occurred, there had passed countless years, and every atom been busy in the great evolutions of attraction, in its different phases of world-building, there was no need of the sacrifice of any man for the salvation of the world. Therefore my thought of trying to make one man a sacrifice—a redeemer for all the people of earth and trying to sustain the atonement upon a natural and spiritual basis combined, was faulty in the extreme.

But my head was bent or dented that way. The conditions around me, dwarfed one side of my mind and brought into strong light, the other side.

To the keen student of human nature, unbiased by creeds, this must be apparent. I had a desire for mental growth, and yet the stubbornness of my nature compelled me to strive vigorously to compel others to see that science and religion should work hand in hand.

If you people who have listened to my expressed thought and read my books, could have really known my inner life, you would have been surprised at the conflict. Reason made such strong demands. It pointed to the straight path, while tradition had such a hold upon me as to mar my soul and chain

me. Oh! how I wrestled with this subject! One side of me would tell me I was honest, and that it was the highest thought I was giving to the people, while the other side would speak to me with intense earnestness, "You are debasing yourself—you are limiting law—you are limiting the power of what you supposed to be God! You do not understand the limitless law! and yet you are posing as a teacher of the truth. By preaching Jesus as the son of the God of the Universe, you violate the virtue of womanhood. You are emphasizing the tradition which does not recognize human responsibility as a factor, in ceasing to do evil and striving to do good. You are belittling yourself as a man, by continuing to foist upon the world, a story which had its origin in ignorance and has done more to send the people of earth to a hell of their own making, than any legend which has ever come to an ignorant world."

Thus would I scourge myself—thus would the hours drag along, while with unfaith haunting me, I would try to stimulate faith. Is it any wonder that the frail body gave out under these contending forces? Is it any wonder, that with my life work in some fields only begun, the material body failed to endure the lashing of the spiritual.

I had written facts, when I had only the vaguest and most childish dream of them. I had extolled as a God, a character who was the

MOST TENDER, KIND AND BEAUTIFUL

but also the most unscientific of mankind!

I had exalted moments when the wise men upon the desert, seemed so real to me that I could almost see the star shining—I could almost feel myself

kneeling with them upon the sands, praying for the way to the Messiah to be shown to me. Then I looked at the world I lived in, at the men, women and children, who believed this story—sought under its shelter to be forgiven for acts which they need not have committed—who made it the cloak for much that was vile, and then knelt and prayed for forgiveness aud arose, believing they were forgiven!

Now I thank the wisest for their doubts. They have lessened my disappointment—they have made me more eager for the new study of people and of worlds. The doubting side of my mind has been my strength and my salvation.

NOW WHEN I SEE "THE WAY, AND THE TRUTH, AND THE LIFE,"

as far as I can now penetrate into the limitless, I feel as though my earth work may have been permitted for the purpose of giving me a more earnest desire to change the currents of thought among those with whom I have been so long associated, and to teach them from my new angle of vision.

There was always something left out, in my efforts there, and I fear there will be in this effort, although I was better versed in spirit intercourse than the public knew. I secretly studied spirit life from the mediums of earth, going as Saul did to the woman of Endor, intending not to be known. In some instances I was found out; in other instances taken for what I seemed to be, and heard tales which would be no addition to those of the Arabian Nights. I bowed my head in shame. Why should I expect great truths, when I sought them under the cover of darkness and silence, which often implied as much as the spoken word in regard to my identity.

What I wish to give in these few pages, I may not be able to give; for I may be so crippled that I cannot maintain even the moderate control I have over this psychic to-day. But it is my desire to familiarize myself with this method of communicating and see if in the near future, I may not give to the earth people a graphic and extended description of what I have experienced here; and my newly found home be made more joyous because I have learned of the truth from the school of experience.

HENRY DRUMMOND.

PAPER SECOND.

I do not expect in the brief time allotted me, to to write consecutively or clearly, but it will be a chance to practice for some better and more condensed work. The habit of rambling in writing is detrimental, whatever kernels of sense there may be in it.

I USED TO CONSIDER A MORAL RELIGION AS THE HIGHEST PHASE OF ATHEISM, AND THE GREATEST ENEMY TO CHRISTIANITY.

But looking at it from this point of view, placing mankind as responsible for the good or bad actions of their lives, save when environment and perhaps heredity come in, I look upon all efforts to teach the necessity of self-centering power as one of the essentials for humanity. The escape from mental and physical ailments must be effected by proper education. Environment must be studied and overcome. The soul or spirit must have a chance for itself to shine by its inherent light, which light is intensified by the spiritual light that shines into it.

The process of the growth of a soul over here is peculiar. I have already become an enthusiast upon the subject; instructed by our good friend, Mr. Bowles,* I have had better opportunities for enlightenment than has many a one who has been here much longer.

The Unwelcome Child.

One case in particular has interested me very much, and that is a child who was not wanted, who by cruel means was deprived of normal mentality, during gestation, yet still lived. The child ate food when it was given and grew up without knowing how to attend to the functions of nature, till he was thirty years old. He then was released by transition. I am told that his soul life was of such a low order—the divine spark so feeble that it took many years in spirit life to develop this idiot to his present state of enlightenment;

When his mother came here and saw him, with scarcely intelligence enough to recognize her, she wept bitter tears and said, "Oh! my poor boy! He never committed any sin!"

The strong assistant of this weak spirit said, "No, madam, he is suffering for your sin—the sin of intentional murder!"

That woman came over here, ignorant of her crime. She died in the full faith of forgiveness for sin, but now finds that she must suffer in spirit life as well as the child she had worse than murdered; for if the child had come here at its birth, it would have more quickly outgrown these conditions and had better chance for progress. But being so long in a body through which it could not express itself, the greatest wrong to the spirit is made manifest.

*See Bowles Pamphlets at close of book.

Will that mother enjoy her crown and sing in the choruses? No, indeed! The music can find no response in her soul; and she, though poorly prepared to teach, will keep company with the awakened intellect of her much demented son. This may seem hard, but it is true!

THE HISTORY OF THE PAST IS BATHED IN BLOOD because of this remnant of the legends of old. Ignorance has builded its funeral pyres, and thousands have suffered because they did not believe. *Believe!* It has sounded down through the centuries. It has been the talisman of every idea of religion—it has excused the criminal and sent the murderer into a kingdom of glory! *Believe!* It has brought destruction to empires and proved to be the most cruel scourge ever witnessed in the centuries that are past. Heaven forbid that word shall so stand in the centuries to come.

As I could not harmonize the Biblical story of creation with natural law, neither can I now harmonize the vicarious atonement with natural living. The laws of nature are never changed. The strict account goes on. Men and women rise to higher purposes. They leave their dead, unworthy selves behind—but it is all done through their own struggles for the light, and also by the aid of good spirits.

I do not repudiate the thought of Jesus, the helper and the teacher. I do not doubt his existence, but I am convinced that the greatest claims made for him, were made by others, and not by himself. I love to think of him as one overshadowed by good spirits, for high and holy purposes—as one de-

signed for a work which was to be done in his day—a work which was simple, sweet, full of spiritual life, a work that was saving as your work is saving, when you convince a bowed-down soul of its own, inherent power.

There are natures in these days, which are like unto his. It has been my privilege to meet self-denying souls

WHO HAVE BEEN SAVIORS TO MANY!

I can understand them better now. I called them ambitionless persons. I am sorry I did. Their ambition was not for the loaves and fishes. It was for the power which they could throw over souls to lead them higher. Sometimes these consecrated souls have made me wonder. I remember many, and especially one whose life stands out in bold relief beside the so-called charities.

THE WOMAN WHO GAVE SECRETLY.

When asked to help the church, she said she would like to, but could not. It was known she was receiving a good salary and alone. No one was invited to her home. She kept aloof from those in the building, whose attic she occupied. She was distrusted—few knew her name. But regularly, as she received her monthly salary, she would save out as much as would meet her actual needs, and then go forth to do good with the rest. She would find want and suffering and relieve it. After her day's labor, she would clean up rooms where sick ones lay and make them comfortable with what she had. If her name was asked, she would say, "No matter what it is; I am trying to do a little good."

These facts came out after her death. She died alone in a room with bare floor and scant furniture. Among her few belongings was enough saved to pay her funeral expenses. I have met her here, and I have learned her story—not from herself, but from those she had blessed. I asked one woman whose life she had blessed in trouble.

"Did she talk religion to you?"

"Oh! no; she just cleaned me up and helped my children—she just worked religion!"

Her charity counts for more here than the charity of many of those who have given great gifts and caused them to be widely heralded.

In talking with this friend, who is much happier than I am, I asked her, "Were you a real Christian? Did you believe your soul was saved through Christ?"

"Well, to tell the truth," answered she, "I never thought much about it. I just did my best and didn't try to build up a hill to frighten any one."

Dear, simple soul! She has the mysteries of Godliness so much entwined in her nature, that she does not try to analyze her attitude toward the diviner part of life. She lets it come to her and in doing so, accepts the highest results of her own living.

Talk as we may, preach as the clergy have to preach, the real truth stands out—that it is not in spirit life we become souls, but we are souls; and we must so live on earth as to develop the better part.

This acknowledgment is so directly opposite TO MY EARTPHLY REACHINGS AND WRITINGS THAT the world will scarcely believe I ever thought when

on earth, as is above stated. But half the clergymen of this age are tired of the old stories, so persistently told, and hail with delight, anything which opens a new avenue of thought.

I shall strive with my whole soul to help my brothers to tell the truth, and express their honest convictions. The time was never more ripe than now, for real honesty of purpose. The world never needed truth more than it needs it to-day. Not one with any thinking capacity, but is ashamed of bondage. He feels the incoming tide which could take him out from his conservative shelter to join the broad-minded and noble men of his time: but the poverty-crippled ones are selling out their wares; keeping their intellects in a rut and trampling upon them, for the sake of the money which is needed, or for the preservation of their reputations for soundness of doctrine. The churches contain many who

BELIEVE NOT WHAT THEY HEAR,

but the church gives them a popular social or business position.

I mourn as over a star of hope died out, when I look upon these scenes, for I would claim for immortal souls, freedom, purity of thought and righteousness of action.

HENRY DRUMMOND.

PAPER THIRD.

Since the question of total depravity has been fully settled in my mind, I have been looking on both sides of the dividing line, called death, for the solution of some problems.

Why should two infants, born under the same conditions or seemingly so, appear about the same through their younger years, nursing the same mother, fed from the same table, seeming to receive equal kindness and equal punishments for offences, go such different roads in life—one to the pulpit and the other, perhaps to the gallows?

If one is totally depraved, the other would be also. Neither have been subject in youth, to any special religious excitement, but each takes his own course. Yet the one is wicked, the other a shining light for good.

I have come to this conclusion—that which dwarfs, that which induces such a downward ten-

DENCY, COMES FROM ARRESTED DEVELOPMENT;

If the skull could shape itself according to the building up or shrinkage of brain cells, the effect would be very grotesque! There would be flat-headed people—people with heads flat on the back side—people whose foreheads would sink in, in some places and bulge out in others. I am not sure if there were these visible signs, it might not be better for the race, because these signs might make a race of students. It might compel each father and mother to acquire a correct understanding of their

children. Should one organ be wanting, they could by the process of cell building, by encouraging the development of proper tastes and desires, remedy that deficiency.

I would not wish to change nature's laws, but I would emphasize the necessity of studying head formations and such characteristics as surely point to a development of those faculties found wanting. One child is generous—the other is stingy and selfish. The too generous one should be taught moderation; the selfish one should be taught the pleasure of giving, until the dwarfed cells of generosity blossom out like a flower.

The one who goes to the pulpit has the faculty of self-esteem encouraged. He is told he must be educated for the Lord's work, because it is the Lord's will. He early sees his power over his own people, and exercises it over other people. Very magnetic he becomes.

The less fortunate one is slow in his studies. He cares not for any form of religion. He takes to fishing. In seeing the rushing brook, his mind dwells upon what could be utilized from water power. His desire to study in that line is quenched. Some one must work on the farm—the ploughing and the reaping must go on. So the unwilling worker can only dream of freedom. His early ambition for mechanics is crushed. He lives a life of drudgery, jealous of others, and believing he is misunderstood. Drink and its associate evils lead to worse evils, until robbery, murder and death by law, closes the story of his earth life.

Had his aspirations and proclivities been studied as was his brother's—the lowest in his nature, arrested and the right brought to the front, he might have been one who would have greatly benefitted the world by his inventions and moved it much more than his brother-preacher moved it by his thought.

The above only illustrates how parents may be in a measure, the creators of the bodies of their children, and with proper knowledge may shape the destinies of their children.

Oh! blind world! oh! fated people! if you refuse to understand your own power!

The assertion sometimes made by speakers—"I am God!" does not fall very far short of the truth; for if there was a personal being in the form of a man, called God, he could not create from the impure depths of human lives, purity, unless there was a dating back, which would affect the offspring.

Modern science and ingenuity are doing much to bring out of darkened lives, the intelligence that has been hidden in the brain. The deaf senses, the blind see by an inner sense—the dumb speak. The possibilities of a soul, however dwarfed by disease or heredity, is great.

If these improvements can be accomplished, how probable it is that the most degenerate can be reached. The arrested senses can be put into working order. The divine in the human and the love of overcoming difficulties will bring noble results.

THE MODELS OF HOME LIFE

will be those persons who are greater than their passions. No child will be born unless there is a place for it. The parents will give to the coming child a reception worthy of its destiny.

THE GREATEST OVERPRODUCTION I KNOW OF IS that of human beings; this overproduction is causing wars and famines. It is causing destruction and death. There will never be a healthy civilization until men and women are cognizant of this curse and regulate the conception of offspring.

Men will go on singing the Star Spangled Banner and Rule Brittannia, and meet death in battle. The world is compassed about by the arrested development of its people.

You may ask, why, all at once, I feel this so deeply—why after, to the world's way of thinking, my usefulness is over, I am so emphatic upon this subject. It is because

I HAVE ELIMINATED FROM MY FAITH ALL THOUGHT OF OUTSIDE POWER IN SALVATION.

I see a world of mortals, holding on to threads so slender that an infant's fingers might rend them asunder. My sole thought now is to correct that which I mistakenly gave to the earth people as a great truth. I am living over the lives of my cult. I am experiencing what they have experienced in spirit life, but so few of us can break the silence.

*BISHOP HAVEN REJOICES IN HAVING BROKEN the silence. Some others have found a way to reach the people of earth through mediums. But we have not enough true mediums. We want thousands of them to voice or write these truths. We need them in every department of life.

* See advertisement at close of this book.

I shall never challenge any one's right to teach as he thinks best, but I shall be glad when the time comes, that there shall be in

EVERY PULPIT A PREACHER WHO SAYS

he is led by wise spirits in his teachings, and who really is so led. This lack of spirit power in the pulpit is one great cause of the paralyzed condition of the people—the one great cause of the arrest of the desire to learn about spiritual things except in the old hereditary way.

THE LURID SHADE OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

shows a mass of men and women whose development of conscience or of aspiration is nearly as thoroughly arrested as though no such faculty ever existed. They are the people who furnish the money, but the priest deals out the thought. Thus far and no farther is the idea.

THE TIME IS RIPE FOR NEW LESSONS.

Every avenue needs to be searched thoroughly; for when the searchlight of truth is turned on them, their secrets are read. The *Pope is dying—a man guilty of much, yet, his conscience is almost at rest, because he has built up a belief that sin cannot touch him. Oh! the awakening!

HENRY DRUMMOND.

* Leo XIII.

PAPER FOURTH.

I think I once said or wrote, (and I tried to emphasize it in my life,) that any principle which secures the safety of the individual, without personal effort, is disastrous to the moral character.

I believe more earnestly now than ever, in that thought. In fact, I know that whatever comes to a life must be earned by that life. The parasite should have no place; for he does not make a place for himself—he only clings.

What shall the work be? It must be growth, spiritual growth, founded upon intelligence—that growth must be the result of earnest action. It is only by the exercise of any sense that we retain and improve that sense. If we always lived in the dark we should have no use for our eyes. If we accustomed ourselves to one kind of food, our taste for other foods would be atrophied. If we became so indolent that this indolence would bring on paralytic tendencies, we should lose our sense of feeling.

So it is with the spiritual. People do not grow in spirit because a certain belief is drilled into them and it is heresy to accept any other belief. I am learning the fate of the parasite, and of the one-idea man here. I perceive there has been a great crippling of the spirit.

The cramped feet of a Chinese girl may be relieved by wearing larger shoes; but her feet will not enlarge to their normal size.

The cramped mind may think it is breaking the barriers; but some sort of chain will remain. He may come out before the world and acknowledge his wrong—he may say he has broken the fetters, in some way he will find himself a bigot. It is a fact, recognized in nature that scars remain.

If this be true, is there not a great need for more earnest work? I notice among your people, (Spiritualists) the scientific, the learned and the spiritual-minded—and also the unscientific, the unlearned and the carnal-minded. I have looked over your assemblies and noticed that more than half the people

WERE GRAY-HEADED! WHERE ARE THE YOUNG?

Your people are enthusiasts for the truth to be wide-spread. You instruct your older people and set your younger people to dancing? Is there not enough in the great truths of spirit life and spirit communion to arrest the attention of the young when rightly presented? *I should say there is!*

I have no right, as a comparative outsider, one who only bungled with the spiritual and scientific, to pose as a mentor to you of earth. So if my zeal is greater than my wisdom, forgive me. It is something to awake to yourself—to feel your power so circumscribed that you cannot understand the way, and yet long for an avenue through which to give the light to others. I claim that there should be more of a chance for the denizens of spirit life to reach the earth. You need us and we need you.

I shall not let any opportunity pass. I shall strive to do my duty. I am following in the line of those who have passed to spirit life before me. I am

trying to study, with a greater degree of freedom, the crooked ways of the crippled intellect.

I AM SHOCKED BY THE PRESENCE OF THE DISAPPOINTED AND THE IGNORANT!

I feel more and more the intense desire and willingness of the highest teachers, to aid you of earth; yet how these teachers have been repulsed! When I can reach the earth as a teacher, will the people heed me? But few of them will listen. It will be giving out pearls to those who do not appreciate pearls.

THE DISAPPOINTED.

I have been so impressed with the disappointed, those who expected so much for nothing, that I want to cry aloud to the world—*Beware! beware!* Build on no foundation which you have not laid yourself—rear no structure, of which your whole life is not a component part.

Teach the children and the adults that JESUS WAS NOBLE—A CHARACTER, MOULDED FROM self sacrifice—but that around him has been placed embellishments from the men of the dark ages. He recognized immortal life, as do you. He ascended into the spiritual world; so will you. He returned to earth—so may you. He showed himself to the people. All this you may do. But men in after years put false words into his mouth—words which he never said. Controlled by higher spirits, he taught the lessons of the past,

BUT HE DID NOT TEACH ALL THAT IT WAS CLAIMED HE DID.

They made him take to himself much more than he ever claimed, and made the Christian world believe

it. His life was only a drop in the sea, compared to the history that has come down to you.

But superstition must have full sway. Priests, emperors and kings must have some power to enable them to crush people, who did not follow their decrees. Jesus was the most powerful of any seer of which they knew, and so the lot fell upon him. I expect to see him sometime. I thought I sought and loved the God-man when on earth. Now I shall search and find the real Jesus, and then tell the world of mortals how I find him. It will come in time. I am seeking after the human Nazarene.

In all my researches I have never been quite satisfied, and I have in the past startled myself by finding out that I had read more of the works of liberal minds than of those written by men of creeds. There was no chance for growth in the latter. Their affirmation that "it was so," must be sufficient. To indulge in curiosity or reason was a sin.

How Mr. Drummond advanced.

I attribute to Huxley, Spencer, Tyndall and many of the Spiritualist writers, my partial enfranchisment from the yoke of bondage. I thought I was doing the world good by studying these authors, so I could refute their arguments. I was really clinching them by bringing into juxtaposition my own weak ones, gleaned from the one-sided histories and the one-sided experiences of the past.

When I came to spirit life, I eagerly sought for bishops and men of high repute in the church, men whom I had almost worshipped as oracles of wisdom I found them all humble students in the school of a natural religion, with facts only as prime factors.

I am striving more earnestly than ever to enlarge my sphere of action.

I AM ASTONISHED TO FIND MYSELF SO HUMAN, to find some days my greatest desires are to reach my own—to pour into their ears, the real truth—to let them know my great love.

I beg pardon for having been so much the student so little the lover. I have a strong desire to show myself where they dwell and love me—to have them say, "He is our own"—to have them feel that no transfiguration scene has taken place, which has not made me more to those of earth than ever. *Oh! I want them to realize that the new song is of emancipation and home!*

Now let me ask that every one who reads these words, may regard them as a warning or as an invitation to more divine living. *Begin now!* Study your own powers. You grow out of yourselves. Your spark divine must be found and brought into the light. *Settle this in your thought!*

SPIRIT COMMUNION IS AND ALWAYS HAS BEEN A FACT!

If it is a fact, it must have a meaning. It has a meaning—that meaning must touch other souls and induce them to cease their parasitical clinging to the unsubstantial and to love to revel in the power which is theirs and in the work they can do.

HENRY DRUMMOND.

PAPER FIFTH.

LUST FOR GOLD. HATE.

There are two revolutions immanent in the atmosphere—the one engendered by lust for gold without work—the other, engendered by deadly hate, which has lately found expression in your nation.*

There is also a spiritual revolution behind—one which has been slow of action, but will be sure at last. This great power of the spirit has been blinded upon one side by the despotism of the church and upon the other side, by the despotism of the senses. This power is slowly and silently working its way through the present civilization. It has struck no blows—broken no laws—nothing good is destroyed—but the unreal and the harmful must pass away. This spiritual power speaks from human lips—"whereas I was once *blind*, I now *see*."

Truth always brings destruction in its wake. It kindles new fires to burn old idols. It changes the currents in such a degree that inharmonies occur between those who have in the past, loved each other. It brings about a difference in the ways of living.

PASSIONS DETHRONED. REASON HOLDS SWAY.

Could you, who are not sensitive to this spiritual revolution, realize the struggle that is going on in the minds of the truly good and sensitive, your

* Assassination of President McKinley.

criticisms would fall as lightly as the leaves of Autumn. You would not deem that you were worthy to sit in the shadow of their presence. With your material shell broken, you would feel storm-swept and self-accused at your former harsh judgments.

This spiritual revolution must go on. Those who defy it will feel its power. Their feeble resistance will not prevent them from falling into line, or from going in other directions, which will lead them to that spiritual life, where all eyes will be opened.

I AM AT PEACE ABOUT THIS SPIRITUAL REVOLUTION. I see its workings, and even though it may be a change in many ways to some people, even causing them to pass from the mortal state, yet I feel at rest.

But I am not at rest when I look into the kingdom of Hate—the worst monarch who ever dethroned a rival, whether this hate abides in the hearts of ruler or people, whether it finds its way into organizations, or lurks in the soul of individuals—

IT IS THE CANKER OF THE SOUL!

This hate withers and destroys all kindly thoughts. Once harbored, no matter how just the hate may be, it finds its way to other hearts. The atmosphere of hate is deadly. If one gives it place, it crowds out the love of friends. It is as catching as a slow, putrid disease, and as fatal to life's beauty. It is fatal to truth. It gives a distorted view. It robs life of happiness. When at last the spirit is freed from its earthly environment, hate has its place in the spiritual realm.

Individuals have solaced themselves with the thought that all is well with them, that the small hatred that dominates their souls, compared to the

hatred that dominates their bodies will not matter—that it will fall away when the beauties of the spiritual dawn upon them.

But as the dyspeptic longs for food, yet dreads the pain which must follow any indulgence in that which he craves, so does the transplanted immortal gaze upon the beauties all around him, and say "*It is not for me.*" It is not in my life. I can see, but I cannot enjoy; I can hear, but I cannot appreciate!

And so the hungry souls who carry hatred in earth life and bring it over here, must serve a long apprenticeship before they can really enjoy and appreciate the beauties of this upper world.

I warn you, Oh! friends, whom I have but a short time, preceded to this life, to examine yourselves. If a physician should give you a critical examination and should say, "You have tuberculosis, you may be helped if at once you realize your danger and take proper remedies; but you, yourself must work out your physical salvation by right living and right remedies," you should heed him.

The patient with the spiritual ailment, does not need the diagnosis of a physician or the knife of a surgeon. He must heal himself. There can be no person so degraded, no act so base as to deserve the unrelenting hatred of an immortal soul. You may look at your grievances, and say, "How I have suffered! how my life has been wrecked by this man or woman!"

Yet upon self-examination, you will find that the greatest wrecks manifest on earth, are those you have allowed to come to yourself. You do not know how much you have been to blame—you do

not understand how much there was in your own conduct or thought that was wrong. You furnished the kindling wood while on earth, to start the fires of hatred. So, friends, examine yourselves and do not let the fatal canker enter within your souls.

This subject has been graphically brought to my notice since I have been in spirit life. I thank heaven I had no hate to contend with, and but little bigotry. I was more free than I had allowed the world to know; and for that reason I found earth life lacked something, because I did not express the whole of my thought, and spirit life has had the same lack.

But I brought no hate nor envy with me. Money was a means to an end. If it served me much or little, I was thankful.

The woman who hated.

My attention was arrested upon my arrival here by one of the most beautiful, yet saddest-looking women I ever saw. She seldom uttered a word, but kept watching with hungry eyes, from a distance, a noble, happy-looking man. Often he would bestow a sweet smile and beckon her to come to him. But she would shake her head, mournfully and strive to keep in the shadow of some shrubbery, where she could view him without attracting the notice of others by her surveillance.

At last I made an effort to gain her attention. It was some time before I succeeded. I remarked to her upon the beauty of the scene.

"I do not see it so," she answered. "It seems to me like a wilderness—a wild wilderness!"

Astonished, I questioned her further. "Why is this so? You cannot, upon this side of life, have such a perturbed sense as to call all this beauty, a wilderness! a desert plain!"

"It is all in my soul," said she, "all my in own atmosphere. I know it is so, but I have not strength to cast it aside. Do you see that noble-looking man over by the fountain wall? In former days, on earth I loved him. His voice was music and his presence a blessing. We were married. Mentally, he was far above me. He could enjoy with me the every day affairs of life—our beautiful home—our well-cooked food. He had caresses for me and loved me. But it was a giant and a pigmy. He was not satisfied. In music I was a novice, and could no more appreciate much that he loved than a three-old old child could understand Beethoven. He wearied of me, and I heard of his seeking the society of gifted ones, and of enjoying converse with them.

When accused by me, he would say, 'My dear, it is refreshing to talk with cultured women—with those who love art and music, and are students of history and understand science; but I love my wife.'

He asked me to invite an especial favorite to our house that I might become acquainted with her. To this I consented. Oh! how I hated her! I hated her for the pleased look she brought to his face—for the music rendered—for the songs she sang—for her ability to interest my king!

At last I began to hate him. I hated him so intensely that I refused and repulsed the kiss he tried to give me when I was passing away. I kept on ha-

ting him and her after my transition. 'Now he will marry her,' said my jealous nature, but he did not.

They had little in common, except their interest in art, music, &c. After I came here, they drifted apart. Now he has come here. He is holding out his hand to me. He really loved me and I have a wall of hate to throw down. I cannot touch his hand though it is held out to me. The bitterness that I engendered, rises up before me. I am hungry for the love I cannot accept. Oh! sir, I did not know it was so grievous a thing to hate!"

Nor did I, but I have been studying it since and I want to say to your world that hate in the

SPIRITUAL WORLD IS AKIN TO MURDER!

It engenders murder, and often the coward who hates, is only kept from murder by his cowardice.

BEWARE OF HATE IN ALL WAYS.

I read Brother Bowles pamphlets while in your life. I often thought, if I were he, I would go into the more scientific phases of the spiritual life than he did, if he really did write these pamphlets.* But I am now impressed to tell the simple stories of this spiritual life.

HENRY DRUMMOND.

* See Bowles Pamphlets at close of book.

PAPER SIXTH.

I cannot yet become used to being what the world calls dead! I see some need of a friend. or some danger. I go to them and implore them to listen. They can hear the chirp of the cricket, but they cannot hear me. I stand before them, clothed in my spiritual garments, as real to myself as I ever was in earth life, even more real—for there is a pleasure in the reality. Pain is left out, yet they are blind—so blind! I think these lessons should reach your world, first, that they may be able to understand us, but comparatively few of those over here care to be understood, except in selfish ways.

The law of control is studied here as in the olden time, for selfish purposes. "Behold I will put a lying spirit into his mouth," is the cry yet. The lower spirit realm is the same as in the past—but few are seeking for true victory. The vicious instincts lead them to struggle for mastery.

Haunting the Saloons.

You have often been told that your saloons have unseen guests—how those with thirst for drink are striving to use in some way, the sensitives over there, and through them, hope to extract enjoyment. Every demoralizing and hellish place has its spirit hangers on! How can the church sit so idly, feeling it is well if a vicious soul is put out of the way, when the murderer is only unchained by hanging. How can

those professing to live a good, spiritual life, look so far above, and yet let the spirits in a prison of the flesh, poor and crushed, go down to death!

ALL AROUND THEM IS HELL!

Yet they are trying to save people from a future hell! All around them are evidences of these hells, yet they sing a hymn which breathes of martyred ones.

The tramp of the betrayer and of the betrayed goes past their doors. The sound of the strife pen etrates the walls of their churches. But the stained-glass windows, give only a holy and religious light. The mighty organ is resounding under the touch of one who plays with his fingers, and thinks of the money he may earn, to be spent, perhaps in carnal vice. The deacon admires the fine sermon, but resolves that in the morning he must turn out from one of his miserable tenements, a family, bankrupt in money and in love, that this excuse for a house may, through a better paying tenant, bring him the money to help to pay the salary of "the brightest clergyman in the city."

The haughty dames have done their duty. The silk gowns of mothers and daughters rustle out of church, and the young man who is invited to dinner is very eligible.

OH! THE SICKENING THOUGHT AS I SEE IT NOW!

When I began on earth, to sense some of these conditions, when disease, meanness and conflict, impelled me to relate some of these wretched scenes—when at times it seemed a cloud came over me and the words spoken and the acts performed, seemed

hardly my own, I think I began to realize in a small degree what life meant to the unloved and wretched.

I tried so hard and yet my hands seemed empty. The great lesson of what I meant to do, and how it must be done, has come now. I must strive to buckle on the armor and work—work! Who will receive me?

THOUGH ONE WERE RAISED FROM THE DEAD, THEY WILL NOT BELIEVE.

I have felt this so much since I have been looking into your life as it really is. If you give to the world even these feeble sentences, you will have helped me to accomplish so much. I am glad I dealt more with love than I did with hell—that the work of my brain, which made "Love the greatest thing in the World," has a place in many a home, while my reasoning in an unreasoning way to link (as I have before written) science and religion, seems to me a failure.

Do not think you will always find me in this mood. I have many hours of rejoicing—many hours when exalted influences are upon me and I can see the glories beyond. I look upon life as it is, with cheering hope. But we bring our old despondency, our old fears, almost our old aching bodies at times, so strong is the force of imagination even here.

NATURE IN SPIRIT LIFE.

I am studying, in my best moments, the correspondence between the two worlds or spheres of being. In nature, the finer part is represented here. Our trees are the spiritual outgrowth of the trees which fell by the woodman's axe, or decayed upon earth. Our flowers are of the part so fine in tex-

ture, so delightful in fragrance that these qualities and essences escaped your notice. Our rivers and mountains are spiritual counterparts of rivers and mountains on your earth. The immense craters have a resemblance to the long disputed ones upon the moon.

I have only as yet entered upon the border of this unknown country, but I shall be a traveller by and by. I want to sense the spiritual world in all its phases. I do not want to partake of its joys and not see how every planet from which has come a soul to spiritual life, has its counterpart in the great spiritual realm which is as boundless as the powers that brought together the atoms to compose it.

Other Planets.

I hear talk of wonderful life upon the other planets, and I asked one of the wise ones here what I was deficient in, that would make it difficult for me to visit some of these planets. Said he, "First, words—language to describe—you would see that which could scarcely be described in the language of any nation of earth. If you wished to tell the people of earth what you saw, you would lack a proper vehicle for communication."

"But if I did my best," I persisted. He shrugged his shoulders and passed on. Wise people, whether in the mortal or spiritual world, can be very disagreeable.

I have been flitting from thought to thought in such a way that I do not know as you will deem them worthy of your attention. But suppose there was a country you had loved, wherein those you loved dwelled, and all avenues of communica-

tion had been shut off and this was the only avenue by which you could reach them, would you not improve every opportunity? I am told this is the only way. I am impressed that there will never come a time when spiritual intercourse is more needed than now.

I look forward to a time when I can resume my studies intelligently, with clear brain, and with a more perfect knowledge of the laws which obtain here.

HENRY DRUMMOND.

PAPER SEVENTH.

When I think of the past and how hard I labored to disprove the truths of the communion of the denizens of earth with those of the spiritual life, I feel like calling myself an idiot.

I have preached long and seriously on the fulfillment of Christ's promises. I have said if Christ had promised all the things it is said he did, and then never came to fulfill them, it would have been as dead, this history of Christ, as any other attempt to play upon the credulity of the people:—after the lapse of a century. But he came back; indeed he showed he had not been far away. He kept his appointments—he showed himself in their midst. The angels of the Most High assisted him in the work, and he was one with his pupils during their earth life.

He did not desert his school—not even the fishermen on the sea.

His materialized form was seen by many—who recognized him by his spirit, by his presence, by his voice, when his body was unseen—by brilliant light at noonday did he speak to the people he had left. The innermost history has a halo about it, which cannot be destroyed because of the assurance in that time, of the continuity of life.

People by millions believe it and a large number bow yet to the shrine of the arisen Christ. The foundation of Christianity is laid upon the reappearance of Jesus after death. These appearances of the dead in the past ages strongly endorse the claim made now that the dead return. Why then should limitations be drawn?

A man who is going to California will be heard from. It is his duty as well as his privilege to let his home folks know how it fares with him, and he is glad to describe the country of the Golden Gate. And his people believe what he says, even though he may not have been considered over correct in his past life. They say, what object would he have in describing such a country? No benefit could come to him from it. But there may be conditions with some who go to that distant state, by which they may wish to drop out, to be unknown, to hide, to change their names and be forgotten. Such an one may be considered dead for a long time; and at last the touch of conscience may make a demand that he should acquaint his people of his location and his life.

The man who wrote, emphasized the fact that there was a California. The fact that the other man did not write, that he kept silence, does not disprove the truth of there being such a state.

I am fully aware that I am threshing old straw, that you and your cult have gone over it a thousand times, but from my present position, I must not only seek for the best thoughts for the future, but I must acknowledge my neglect and blindness.

SPIRITS WHO DO NOT WISH TO COME BACK.

I am told that there are those here who have never attempted to send a message to their earth friends. They declare in their stubbornness that there is an "impassable gulf," They shut the tenderness out of their lives and declare they have no desire to ever see or know what is going on in the old department of life. They strive to engross themselves in a preparation for seeing God upon His throne. They are sure the time is coming when they can be on the highest altitude of spiritual triumph.

In earth life they were called devout, beautiful, almost unapproachable characters. Their friends feared them, rather than loved them. Hence there is no call for them to visit their friends. They are engrossed with the thought of their position upon that day when they shall experience the wonderful reality of seeing God!

They are spiritually insane, and excite the sympathy of those who understand spiritual life in its simplicity as well as in its grandeur. The ties of family are not strong with them, and filled with selfishness, they do not care to communicate, but are willing to discredit its possibility, with the same vigor they expressed in earth life.

Do you wonder that we who have faith in the boundless possibilities of this spirit life, look with pity if not with scorn, upon such natures—those un-

willing to prove a truth by any act of theirs, yet are strong in their denials, and are ready to abuse those who have the temerity to stand nobly for what they have proven true?

There are those here who have nothing to recommend them to the love of their friends—who though never desiring to send messages, still desire to make uncomfortable those whom they have chilled to the heart when on earth.

Why promises are not fulfilled.

There are those here, with love in their hearts, who have promised, if spirit return was true, to come back and say some particular word or sentence mutually agreed upon before their transition. They refuse the help of guides, hoping to give the word or sentence direct to the medium; but when they come in contact with the medium, they forget the word—forget everything in trying to untangle the threads of communication. They have no idea of electric force. They stand mute before what seemed to them easy, when they promised.

Difficulty of communicating.

You see with all these difficulties hedging us about, and with all the ignorance and opposition of people on earth, it takes courage to make an attempt at communication. I have tried very hard to reach some of my earth associates. *But Henry Drummond is dead* to them. His works still live for good or evil, but the man is dead! Heaven hasten the time when this opposition to the truth from both sides of the line shall cease.

The indifferent daughter.

There are spirits who do not care anything about earth life. Their supposedly high ideals have guided them in other directions, and they have been absorbed with other interests. I have met with a spirit who was much surprised to learn that her mother had passed to spirit life. "Why!" she said. "Is that really so? Mamma always was partial to the other children, and doubtless she prefers remaining with them. She never understood high art!"

I looked around and owned to myself, that I never did. I have been wondering by what malformation of human or spiritual powers one can become so entirely separated from the mother who bore her. I ask, is it a physical condition or a spiritual malformation, caused by unseen forces?

Spiritual Adjustment.

These subjects seem to me as high as heaven, and reach down to the depths; still I have a sense of peace when I think of all these hard questions. There will come a time for spiritual adjustment; when these natures shall find their souls. It will be a wonderful discovery; for in finding their souls, they will come in touch with those they have never known; although they have required the best that could be given to them from those whom they ought to love. But in fact they have antagonized their servants as well as their dearest relations.

Work of a century.

With these conditions facing me, even in the little time I have been in this life, I can see the work of a century, and it must begin in earth life. I am discouraged when I see the disinclination of earth

people to study into this thought. For I am thrown into that company somewhat; but I am encouraged when I see the zeal of others, whom I am privileged to visit.

EVERY INVENTION HAS ITS BIRTH PLACE, mostly in the spiritual world. A brain is touched and a desire is thrown upon it to produce something in the electrical field. The human brain goes about it in a clumsy way. The spirit who touched that brain comes around to see if his seed has taken root. If he finds there is anything to work upon, a time of passivity is chosen, and then comes another illumination to the inventor's brain, and so on, until a valuable aid to the world in light or power is realized.

The inventor is honest often times, and will say, "I thought it out," for he does not recognize the touch of the spirit. But the illuminated soul that puts his life into the invention, recognizes and bows to the spirit.

Oh! wonderful world of spirit. Teach me "the way, the truth and the life" from a spiritual standpoint!

HENRY DRUMMOND.

PAPER EIGHTH.

Surprises meet me upon every hand. My short experience here has seemed to me like the changing shades of a kaleidoscope. The kings, queens and emperors of the earth give up their kingdoms and empires. The queenly head is no different from that of the patient maids who attended her.

Queen Victoria.

I have been struck by the appearance of the Royal family of England. The queen and her consort, pass by in spirit life, and not as much attention is paid to her, as to a little child that is sparkling with happiness. The child is royal because she is innocent. But the queen, although happy in the presence of her consort, now restored to her, is yet unhappy because of the revelations this life has brought to her. She was a good woman, and meant to be a good queen, but not until her later days did she realize the great scourge of war—the great crime of that, which in itself seemed innocent, but which is not the best policy for wise rulers. War is a great blot upon civilization and has, it seems to me, never been a potent factor in the redemption of any race.

Others will argue differently. They will maintain that it is the precursor of peace and prosperity; but they do not see the spirit side, and cannot understand how terrible it is to be even the indirect means of sending thousands of unripe souls into spirit life.

I LOOK UPON WAR AS A GREAT CONSUMING ABSCESS UPON THE FACE OF THE EARTH.

I fear the chains of physical bondage in a free country, have given place to a misunderstood freedom, and to other chains which imperil the soul.

No system is safe, without the thought of the spiritual good of the people. This should be in advance of every other thought. No system of government is ripe for the results which crown the people with the gifts of heaven, while ignorance is dragging them down to the darkest hell!

I HAVE LOOKED UPON THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA AS A GREAT SYMBOL OF POWER.

I have been glad of the riches and the glory—of the intelligence of the people. But there have been seeds sown that will take root—have already taken root. It has been strown in the great highway that has started the world, and made men and women weep. It will have to be the watch-word of your nation—to adopt the wisest measures, in order to stamp out the conditions which now menace those in power.

Fear will do it for a while, but it will only stop to catch its breath, before some other prey is chosen and another victim has been felled. The men who have murdered have not been killed. The man who struck at the heart which only beat in kindness to all, is not feeling as you would think he would feel—

CZOLGOSZ.

Away down in the valley, where the light seldom comes, he has been welcomed as a martyr, and not as a traitor! Degraded souls believe his crime was a great triumph for the people.

ANARCHY HAS NOT BEEN STAMPED OUT BY TAKING THE LIFE OF ONE OF ITS TOOLS.

There is silence and denials now, but the leaven of discontent is working, and will work ruin if it can. There is a force from the spirit side which is encouraging this discontent, and making it seem like a crown of glory to the anarchist. Sensitives on the earth side are obsessed by these fiendish spirits, and also strongly incited by sympathizing people on the earth plane. The pressure upon these anarchistic sensitives is sometimes too strong to be resisted.

W. McKINLEY.

I cannot now write much of him who came over to spirit life with the ripeness of his intellect apparent in his life—with the glory of the greatest thing in the world about him, LOVE!! with the ambitions of life laid low—but still so sweet in spirit, so in touch with the highest, that death was not death to him. It is as yet like crossing over a sacred threshold—it is too early to picture this man among men, the statesman—the lover of home. Sometime when the grief has subsided and his successor shall have attained the high place in the minds of the people, we know he is worthy to attain, I will, if permitted, write of this new life for the great man of the times.

He came into this spiritual life as a student, not as a ruler. Interest in that which is passing with you will naturally chain his attention for sometime, and then heaven will open unto him and he will listen to the call of those gone before.

AS YOU COULD NOT KILL A MURDERER, SO A MURDERER COULD NOT KILL A PRESIDENT.

If my life could be changed; if all its interests could be focused upon the old plane of life, I would not have it so. I have other ambitions upon this side. In these new fields I must unravel the great skeins of mysteries that are before me— a natural heaven, yet one that brings out the greatest in nature—a world so varied, so complete, so changing in its aspects that astonishment is written upon the faces of those who come here.

There are those who cannot bear the light of this bright day. There are those who want to live in the brightest of the life over here. Oh! there are scenes I would like to visit, but I am waiting for the further glory to dawn upon me here. I am taking in all the power I can. I am trying to do all the good I can to others.

When you come here, my friend, you will not come without baggage. You will have to come with that which I wrote of in my last paper, (Hate) if it is in your life, and you will, I fear, feel some as I did about unpacking in my new home.

Drummond's Packages.

One of my bundles was *Self-Esteem*—the thought of knowing pretty well what was best, and that a mistake in my life could not be as bad as a mistake in some other life. Then I had a package which looked small; but it took up room when I unpacked it—that was *Sullenness*. If I did not scold, I might be called quite forbearing; but I did not take into consideration how the outlet for it, *sulkiness* was about the same. There was a large package that I tried to get under the table, so the soft curtains would fall over it and help it, but some corner would stick out.

This bundle was *Pride*. I was a scholar—I wrote books that lived—I had been looked up to in earth life. Why should I not have a prominent place in the kingdom?

There was another package, *Melancholy*. I did not expect to bring this with me, bnt lo! it was there! I thought, as much of it was caused by a bad liver, I should leave it behind; but it had in some way, darkened my intellect—saddened my soul—made me unfit to preach a gospel which I loved; for I intended to give out sunshine; so this melancholy was among the baggage.

Then *Mirthfulness* came out—this was a picture framed from the jubilant laughter of my childhood and somehow it seemed to give out an echo. There were many others, but there was one which I handled carefully, for it was the most precious of all. It was done up with all the sacrifices I had ever made—done up with all the tears I had ever shed. It had its place with all the disappointments that had ever been mine; but it shown out brightest of all.

THAT PACKAGE WAS LOVE!

When my baggage was all unpacked and distributed, I felt I had not furnished my room as I wished. I want to put in the place of pride, *Pity*; and I am learning how. I want to put in the place of melancholy, a thank God of the soul, and have it embossed in letters of light upon my walls. I want to have all the unsightly packages subservient to that one word—*Love*! It will then be home in the highest.

HENRY DRUMMOND.

PAPER NINTH.

I am bewildered with the possibilities of this spirit life, or its possibilities to those who are willing to take advantage of present conditions. I am striving to get more in touch with the sages and seers. I most always find them as busy as they could have been in earth life, with a large family to support. They can give the new comer but little help or attention, unless they find him one whose brain contains something in harmony with their own —then he is welcome.

THE OLD IDEA OF HEAVEN WAS REST—

rest in its most complete sense: yet I find, as many a one has found, that rest is harmonious action; and that the spirit idler is not a happy person.

STUDY A PLEASURE IN SPIRIT LIFE.

I asked a great student—one who is always studying: "Are you ever tired from this constant mental strain?"

"No," he answered, "I am getting rested from my earthly study, which was so much of a strain upon my nerve force, that I almost forgot humanity. *This is bliss!*" and he bent his head again to his calculation.

"What good will it do?" said I, interrupting him.

"Well, it may not do the world any good, but it comforts me to find a true analysis of the old problems."

Teachers are happy in heaven.

I asked a sweet-faced woman, with a small army of children around her, which she was directing in the rudiments of heavenly learning; "Is this not as hard as earthly nursing and teaching?"

She smilingly said, "Oh! no, it is heaven!"

I asked her how she could enjoy the highest and best and yet be so confined, as she seemed to be with the children; for I had watched her for a long time.

She bowed her head reverently; "They are my teachers. 'Except ye become as little children ye cannot enter the kingdom of heaven.' I am searching for the kingdom,"

The landscape gardener.

I asked one of the men who were bringing into beautiful harmony some of the extensive lawns surrounding heavenly mansions; "Do you come here to be a landscape gardener and also a working gardener?"

"Yes," he answered; "If you have a mind to put it so. I am keeping near to nature's heart, in order to help me put out the fires of passion; and then while banishing them, I am building up my heaven."

The anti-blight spirit.

I asked one who was budding grains, "What can you be doing? They need no such things here."

"I am studying how to prevent the spreading of contagion by insect life or by blight upon the grains which feed the earth world. If I can impart to those on earth an antidote which can be used in the soil or can be sprayed upon the growing grain, I shall have earned my heaven."

The Magdalene Teacher.

I saw a woman upon whom it seemed the highest angels must have smiled, spending her time and giving the sunshine of her life to the betrayed—the wicked—the women who seemed to have but a small spark of humanity. I asked her why she so spent her time, when there was life in its blessed fullness just a little beyond.

She smiled sadly and said, "In earth life I walked in these paths, and an angel helped me. I am trying to be worthy of a release from the effects of the bondage of sin."

The spirit hunter.

I looked down to your earth plain and saw a hunter in the woods—a spirit hunter, trying to give ease to a wounded deer, whose red blood colored the cold snow. I saw him turn sadly away as the brown eyes of the animal glazed with death and its spirit looked wonderingly about.

This spirit hunter came to me, his face as sad as though he had lost a friend, and said; "You wonder what I was doing down there in the hunting forests of earth. I will tell you. I used to be a hunter; I killed for pleasure and not because of need of food—I have now found *to my horror*, that I have often wounded poor animals and left them, thinking they were dead; and long hours of suffering have intervened before they were released.

So tender has my heart become, because of my old sin (for it is a sin) that I come often to those wilds and try to help the suffering creatures."

"But the poor deer seemed to have a counterpart—a spirit, and you have left it alone." said I.

"Yes, I know," said he, "but it cannot suffer cold nor pain now, and its own kind will now care for it. I must help wounded animals to die as painlessly as possible, because of the pain I caused when in earth life; I hunted and killed for pleasure.

Punishment after death.

I marvelled much that justice should point even to the sins against the animal world, and that every person was self punished, as far as I had observed. In every avenue of life, I found it true that there was punishment after death; but no condemning voice said "*Depart ye cursed!*" *No fires of hell leaped up to reach its victim, no devils laughed in fiendish glee* because another soul had come into the torment.

But as those sick in earth life reach out for healing waters, so do those sick souls reach out for that which will quench their longings and cure their disappointments and give to them the victory.

Coming into the light.

The justice and consistency of this spirit life is a constant marvel to me. Doors swing open, seemingly without the touch of a finger, to let through them those who are considering their past and getting strong enough to bear more light. The effulgence confuses them—step by step—hour by hour as they are fitted, the new light comes. They are not always led, but they go as they can bear the happiness, and as their consciences lead them. I have not seen them struggle to invade that realm for which they are not fitted.

The Progressive Schools.

Those of earth life, who come over here without reparation for wrong deeds, do not seek the so-

ciety of those who have long been used to the better life, but are helped to understand themselves, by those who have graduated from the same school, until the teacher moves on and the pupil follows.

Oh! the wonderful adjustment of the spheres above you! The sweetest sounds which reach our ears are those most harmonious. But many have to wait until they have developed a sense of harmony.

In closing these few papers, I do so with regret. I trust through some of your mediums, if not by the hand of this one, my thoughts may take more definite shape—my language be more in harmony with what I have dreamed heaven's language to be.

Oh! if I can accomplish what I wish and be believed—if my old friends will awaken to the touch of the living spirit of their brother—if I can in any way spread a gospel as sweet and beautiful as heaven itself, among those who need it, I will welcome any discouragement, if at last I can be victor.

HENRY DRUMMOND.

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